

FORD TIMES

APRIL 1977



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The Ford Owner's Magazine

FORD TIMES

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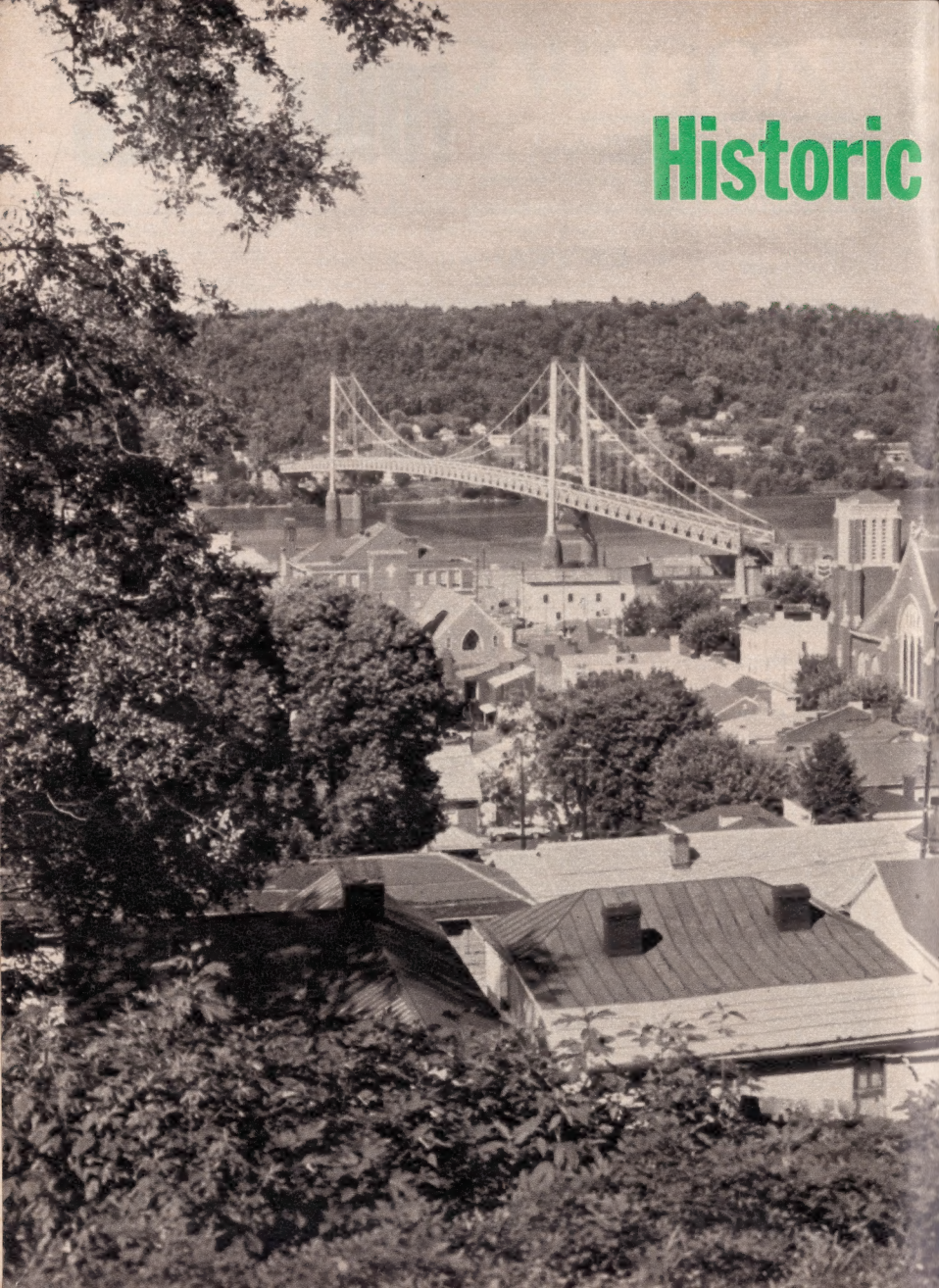
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Cover: Donald Hall says there's no finer place to be for the opening of the baseball season than at venerable Fenway Park, home of the Boston Red Sox. Story begins on page 16. Painted by Thomas Sgouros.



Historic





Washington, Kentucky

and other places along the way

*by Mary Augusta Rodgers
photography by Balthazar Korab
and William Schoen*

IT BEGAN with a news story about Washington, Kentucky: "This tiny old town, founded in 1786, has more original buildings left than Williamsburg, Virginia, had at the time of its restoration, and was recently listed in the National Register of Historic Places." Kentucky is my home state but I'd never heard of Washington and I was curious. So we located it on a map—a few miles south of Maysville, about 75 miles from Cincinnati—and started making plans.

This part of Kentucky, past and present, deserves to be better known. In 1774, taking advantage of a temporary truce with the Shawnee Indians, scouts from the outpost at Ft. Pitt (Pittsburgh) began exploring the south side of the Ohio River. Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton laid claim to large

areas, slashing their marks on trees with their tomahawks. And settlers, coming down the Ohio in canoes and flatboats, were not far behind.

It's still farm land, nothing suburban about it, or the drowsy little towns along the way. There are rolling hills, gentle valleys, red barns and black tobacco sheds, and a few covered bridges left along the back roads.

Our first stop was Augusta. There's an old cemetery on a hill where butterflies hover over wild flowers, and stone angels look homeward—a perfect spot for a picnic lunch, but so is the road down by the river where there are fine old federal houses, some near ruin, others restored, or in the process. One house has an imposing brick front but is only one room deep; there's a log cabin (used as a kitchen) attached at the back. This was a tavern in the late 1700s, where Simon Kenton and other scouts met.

Colonel discussed trials

We talked to a retired army colonel who was doing the restoration work on his house himself. People who work on old houses, like people who golf and fish, like to talk about their trials, rather than their triumphs, and the colonel was no exception. He was covered with plaster dust and very cheerful as he described his struggles. Last year, he said, a restoration expert had stopped by, looked around, and

said, "Oh, how I envy you! You're just getting to the fun part!"

The colonel smiled. "I've been hoping to see her again. So I can find out what I'm doing wrong. I haven't got to the fun part yet."

Many of the early settlers in Augusta were Germans from the Rhine Valley; they planted grape vines and built a winery at the east end of town, near State Highway 8, which leads to Maysville.

Maysville is a narrow ribbon of a town, essentially four blocks wide and five miles long, stretching between the river and a steep hill where houses stand on descending terraces; you see red roofs, green trees, the white spire of the Mason County courthouse, and the waters of the Ohio, shining in the sun. A town can't miss with a situation like that, and Maysville doesn't. But, until recently, its charm was not appreciated, and its claim to distinction came from being "the second largest loose-leaf burley tobacco market in the world."

But things are changing. Maysville is interested in historic preservation and tourists are coming to town. "Every time I see some dear souls standing on the corner, studying our Walking Tour Guide, I want to rush out and just hug them," a local lady said.

Most of the buildings that make Maysville distinctive date from the early 1800s when the steamboat era brought growth to the town, and considerable profit to the "commis-



sion merchants" who took the farmer's tobacco, whiskey and cattle down the river, sold them where they would bring the best price, and brought back household goods and luxuries ordered from New Orleans. The New Orleans influence shows in the use of ornate iron grillwork.

Visitors should start at the Mason County Museum, an attractive place dedicated to telling the story of Mason County's early days. What a story it is, and what a cast of characters! John May, for instance, was a shrewd Virginian who owned the land where the settlement called Limestone Landing—and later, in his honor, Maysville—sprang up. He was killed in 1790 by Blue Jacket, a fierce Shawnee chief who was himself originally a Virginian, with the improbable name of Marmaduke Van Swearing; he'd been taken by the Shawnees when he was 17 and named Blue Jacket because of the homespun linsey shirt he wore.

The life of Simon Kenton is equally dramatic. He was a poor Virginia farm boy who fled west after (he thought) killing a man named William Leachman in a fight. Simon used the last name of Butler for years and that was what the Indians called him—*Bahd-ler*, a feared and respected enemy.

Maysville has lived through Indian attacks, Confederate raids and a decline in commercial importance when railroads supplanted the



steamboats. Now it's a placid town of 7,500, friendly and hospitable.

There's one motel in town and one restaurant, Caproni's, that's recommended to visitors; life is not as simple as it was in the old days when taverns had signs saying "Bed, Board & Bourbon, 2 Bits." (There are plenty of good accommodations in Aberdeen, Ohio, along U.S. 52 across the Ohio River from Maysville, or in Cincinnati or Lexington.)

The four miles from Maysville to Washington is part of a road that began as a trail worn through forests and cane land by buffalo herds moving from their grazing lands to the salt lick at what is now the Blue Licks Battlefield State Park. Now it's U.S. 68 and runs past a sign that says—rather grandly, considering the total of five stores—TO WASHINGTON BUSINESS DISTRICT.

Settlement became town

Washington began as a stopping place for settlers who'd spent all day pushing their wagons up the steep hill at Limestone Landing. A log cabin settlement became a town and, in 1789, the county seat.

Simon Kenton was a towering figure in the early days. He protected the settlers against the Indians and helped settle their land disputes. His name appears over and over in a diary written in 1785. *There are 22 cabins here already and more to be built. Mr. Kenton says someday this will be a*

great city and I believe it . . . Awful lot of Indians marawding this Spring, mostly horse stealing cept for that fight at Limestone. Mr. Kenton says Blue Jacket struk with over 100 warriors . . .

Like his friend Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton either was unknowing or chose to ignore the legal process of filing land claims and, it turned out, a tomahawk slash on a tree was not enough. Their lands melted away in counter-claims and lawsuits. The buffalo herds disappeared. Kenton, like Boone, moved on, heading west; pushed out of the way, like the Indians.

In 1790, Washington was the second largest town in Kentucky, and a "center of fashion and education." But, as the river traffic increased, Maysville began to grow and Washington waned. In 1848, the county seat was moved to Maysville and Washington, in effect, went to sleep. It's just now beginning to stir again.

The comparison with Williamsburg, Virginia, and its restoration, could be misleading. For all its early importance, Washington was never more than a pioneer town. Its old buildings were saved because, as one resident said, "people were too poor to do anything but keep living in them." Most of the preservation work has been done by volunteer groups in Washington and Maysville, and more is planned. The result is a charming old country village that still retains 33 of its



original buildings.

Mefford's Fort, a 1787 flatboat house, typical of those used on the Ohio and then converted into cabins, is one of the buildings open to the public. Others include the 1788 Cane Brake Shop; the Paxton Inn, built in 1810; the Old Church Museum (1844) and the birthplace (1803) of Albert Sidney Johnston, a Confederate general.

Houses built by Arthur Fox and William Wood, who bought the land from Simon Kenton, still stand. The Marshall Key house, built in 1800, has graceful Georgian lines; a small brick building with gunslits in the back, it was used as a refuge during Indian attacks. Harriet Beecher Stowe visited here in 1833 and saw

a slave sale on the courthouse steps; an event that people in Washington feel sure was the inspiration for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Federal Hill stands on a hill overlooking the town. It is a brick house built in 1800 by the father of John Marshall, a Chief Justice of the United States. There's a family graveyard behind the house. The inscription on his mother's tombstone reads: *Mary Randolph Keith, b. 1739. She was good, not brilliant, useful, not ornamental, and the mother of 13 children.* (I hope she haunts the place.)

Washington has an annual Art Festival the first Sunday in August, and a Frontier Christmas celebration the first weekend in December. We were there for the Art Festival: a sidewalk show of paintings, antiques, crafts and quilts. A weaver was at work, and a man played a dulcimer. It was a delightful afternoon. But we liked Washington even better the next day when a dog slept undisturbed in the middle of Main Street until some boys galloped through on horseback. Hollyhocks bloomed against unpainted fences, the air smelled of honeysuckle, and something in the shadows seemed to say, *nothing changes, why hurry?*

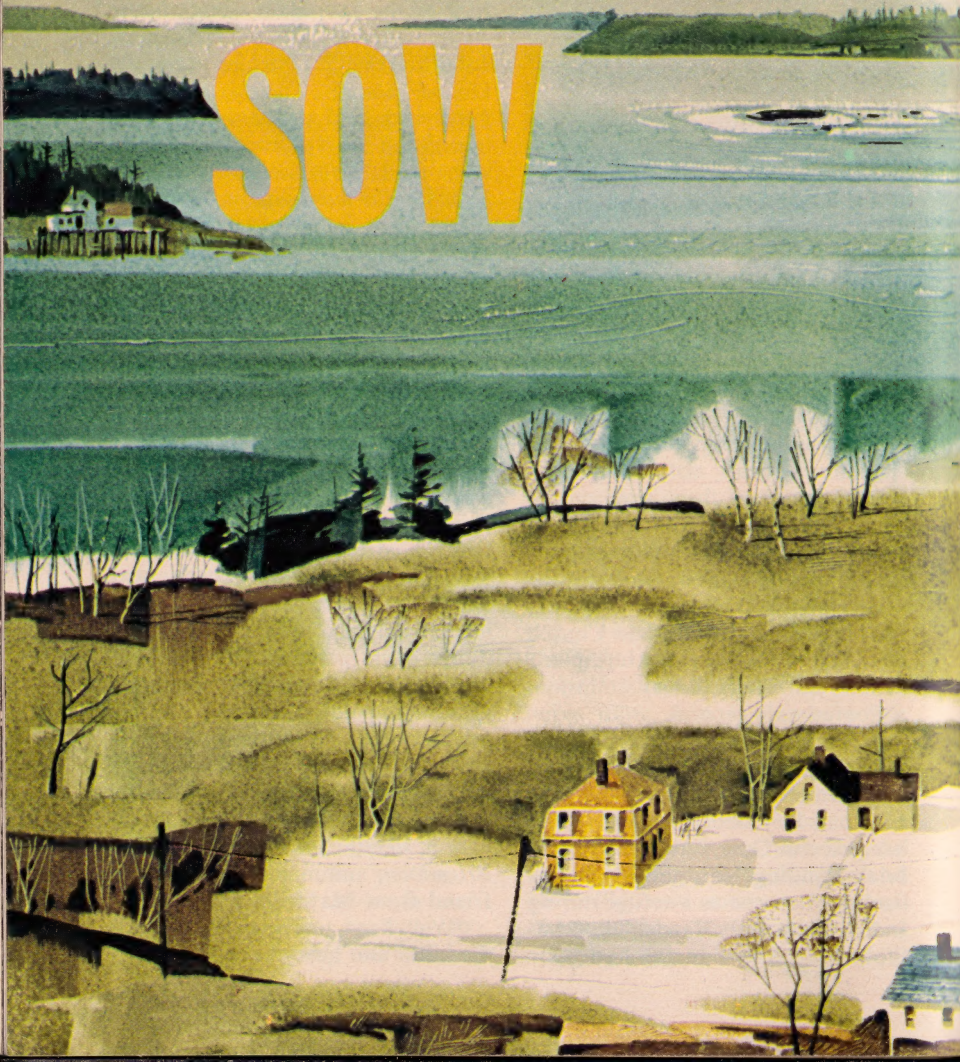
I had the feeling that it might all vanish, like the enchanted village in *Brigadoon*, and mentioned this to a friend from Maysville.

"We'll keep an eye on it for you," she said, "But hurry back, hear?" □

OLD

Ignored on roadsigns, maps
and charts, this Maine coastal wonder
puts on quite a show every flood tide

SOW





by Charles Zurhorst
paintings by Robert Eric Moore

WHEN THE WIND is right and the tide is running strong, you can actually hear it. At first, the sound is like that of dry leaves rustled by a breeze. Then, gradually, it builds until it becomes the magnified sound of hundreds of small pebbles violently whirled about in a prospector's metal pan. And, when your ears have adjusted to this, you slowly become aware of a continuing series of snorts, grunts, and groans, like those of a large pig rooting in its pen.

What you hear is the sound produced by a natural phenomenon known to the people of downeast Maine as "Old Sow." They believe it is the world's largest whirlpool. At its center, some say, it runs to a depth of 80 feet, and depending on the strength of the tide, it measures 300 to 500 feet in diameter. Its

name stems from the snorts, grunts, and groans it emits, and from the dozens of smaller whirlpools that dart around its perimeter like piglets at feeding time.

Located in Passamaquoddy Bay, just north of Eastport, Old Sow, in its time, has overturned a tanker, destroyed hundreds of smaller craft, played havoc with fishing vessels, and taken many lives. Even viewed as a curiosity, it is a frightening enough sight, but watched in the process of devouring a ship, it is almost unbelievable.

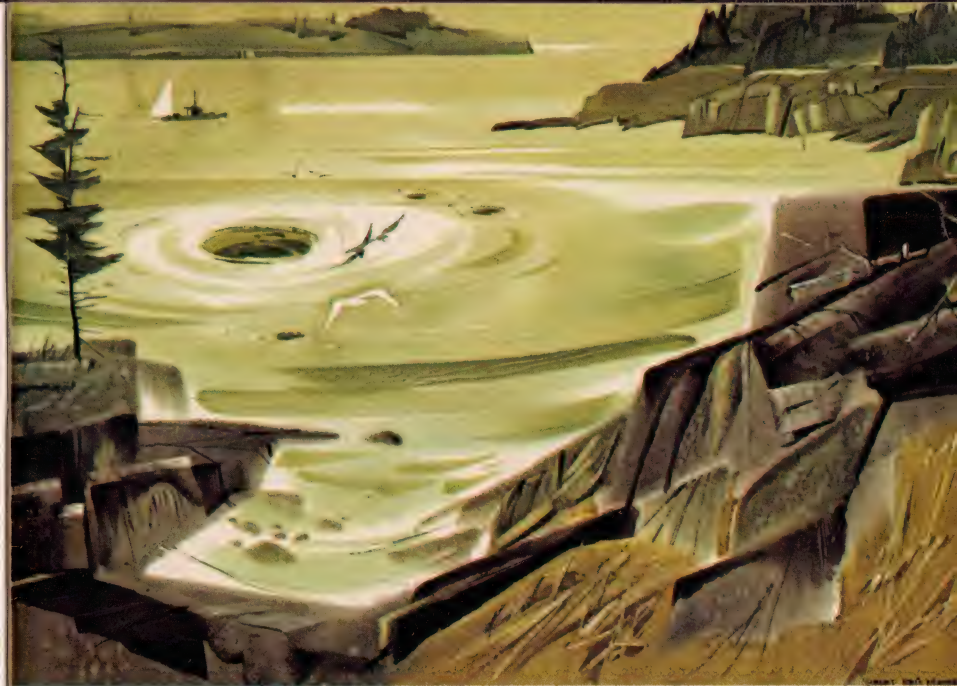
One rare eyewitness account tells of three brothers who were commercial fishermen returning to port in their two-master:

"They entered the narrows of the bay early on Sunday morning in the month of March, when the tide was unusually full and strong. It was flood tide when the boat reached the vicinity of the whirlpool.

"The young men were thoroughly acquainted with the situation and were excellent boatmen, but, with the wind ahead, they were obliged to go up and so make a diagonal course. They were thoroughly alive to their danger, and tacked at what they judged a convenient distance from Old Sow—but too late.

"The swift current whirled them into the vortex, and down went the boat out of sight. The craft then came up again, and again, and once again. Then she made a final plunge and was suddenly hurled upward, completely out of the water, and





away from the whirlpool, where she caught the true tide and drifted off—a miserable wreck. Nothing was ever seen of them again.”

Another eyewitness story tells of a more fortunate encounter with Old Sow, and of an ending considered by local residents to be nothing short of miraculous. This story has to do with a small speedboat whose owner either knew nothing of the whirlpool or had an overwhelming desire to live more dangerously than sanity would dictate.

Whichever, a small group standing on shore became aware of a speeding boat, throttle wide open, heading straight for Old Sow. As one watcher described it:

“She was getting close to the edge of the vortex when, suddenly, she shot straight up out of the water, catapulted horizontally clear of the surface for a distance of 30 to 40 feet right across the maw of that tremendous pool, then dropped back to the surface in a shower of spray, upright and intact.”

This one unusual incident notwithstanding, Old Sow is, indeed, a killer, and a temperamental one. She has been known to spare a tug and totally destroy its towed barge. She has tilted a 7,000-ton cargo vessel until its keel was fully visible, and then tossed it aside.

As for what causes her to exist, there are several theories. Some

claim that this is the exact point where the Labrador Current, flowing south, and the Gulf Stream, flowing north, clash head-on. Others contend it is the prevailing wind blowing against the incoming tide.

Most, however, tend to feel that Old Sow is the point where two elements of the great tide, which in this area rises and falls close to 30 feet, come together at a 90-degree angle. The whirlpool is the result, with the danger at its greatest on the flood, or incoming, tide. When the tide is on the ebb, a boat may have trouble staying on course, but if it is of any size, it can cross Old Sow as she naps.

As spectacular as Old Sow is to see and to hear—from a safe spot on the shore—the folk of Eastport have done nothing to turn her into a tourist attraction. There is no “Old Sow Park” to which admission is charged. There is no ramp or platform to which visitors are invited—for a fee—to “Watch this magnificent maelstrom in action.” In fact, there is not even a road sign saying “This way to Old Sow.”

The existence of Old Sow is ignored on all Maine road maps as a “point of interest,” and her threatening presence is not even indicated on the nautical chart for Passamaquoddy Bay, although the Coast Guard personnel serving the coast of downeast Maine recognize her as a serious navigation hazard.

The town manager of Eastport shrugs her off, admitting that East-

port needs the business visitors can bring, but also admitting that there are no plans for promoting Old Sow as an attraction.

It is almost as though everyone, including the U.S. Coast Guard, either fears mentioning her name, or is ashamed of her. Neither should be the case.

Old Sow is truly a natural wonder. She is well worth a visit to witness her strength and her fury—as well as the strength and fury of her numerous smaller whirlpool piglets. But until roadsigns, maps, or charts recognize her existence, visitors will have to be content with these directions and instructions.

Old Sow reaches her peak two hours before high tide. And, as all local papers publish a tide table, a trip can be planned for the proper time of day.

To reach a point where this phenomenal whirlpool can be seen and heard, one should take U.S. Route 1 in eastern Maine to the town of Perry, whence State Highway 190 leads to Eastport.

In Eastport, follow 190 to its end in the center of the town. Then turn left and follow that road to its end, which is just across the water from Deer Island, New Brunswick. Between this point of land and Deer Island, Old Sow will put on her show for you at each flood tide.

It is a sight worth seeing and a sound worth hearing, even though both are ignored by local entrepreneurs. □



egg decorating

DELICATE AND DELIGHTFUL

story and photography by John R. Michael

WHEN Dorothy Morley spotted a display of decorated eggs in a store on New York's Fifth Avenue, her reaction was instant: "I can do that better." If price is any indication of skill, she was right. The Fifth



Avenue eggs were priced at \$600 each; Dorothy has been told that she could sell her decorated ostrich and goose eggs for at least \$1,000. But to Dorothy, an artist from Danvers, Massachusetts, egg-decorating is simply a hobby in which the creations are shared with family and friends.

"Most of the decorated eggs you see have a seasonal theme—an Easter bunny or a Nativity scene," she says. "I prefer something that can be displayed all of the time. The eggs represent too much work and are too beautiful to be set aside in a closet."

Once she comes up with an idea for the diorama inside and assembles the parts (often pieces she has made herself), the next step is to "blow" the egg, and cut the opening or doors. This is delicate work, and must be done with great accuracy if the doors are to hang and close properly. It takes about three hours to cut an ostrich egg with a tiny powered blade. Cutting must be done slowly so that the part line is perfectly smooth on the inside. When the doors are out, Dorothy marks the location for hinges.

Next comes the pattern development, which must balance har-

moniously with the shape of the egg and the opening. Dorothy works with subdued aristocratic colors: yellowish-brown, dark brown, ash-rose pink, lavender and emerald green. It takes thousands of cultured pearls imported from Czechoslovakia and Japan to cover every centimeter of an egg. The pearls are dyed to the proper hue, and each one is placed on the egg with long tweezers. The pearls and other adornments are held in place with white glue, and the completed shell is actually quite strong.

Dorothy wears a visor magnifier to help with the critical requirements of her work. It takes her approximately 40 hours to complete an ostrich egg, which she gets from Africa for \$15. After she places an order for ostrich eggs, she has to

wait five months for the first one to arrive. The smaller goose eggs are available in New England.

"Often the most difficult part of egg-decorating is finding figures for the diorama," says Dorothy. "I have a stock of eggs ready to go, but I'm still looking for the right items. Everyone is turning to plastic figures today, and I don't like to use plastic in my scenes."

Dorothy hopes to travel to Russia someday to view the beautiful eggs that Fabergé, as court jeweler, made for the Romanov family each Easter. The eggs are encrusted with precious gems and contain jeweled miniatures inside. Each Easter, Fabergé pushed his workshops to outdo the previous Easter's eggs, a tradition Dorothy is continuing with grace. ☐

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by Donald Hall

ON a wall near the grandstand gates there's a bronze plaque:

**NEW
FENWAY PARK
BUILT 1912
RECONSTRUCTED 1934**

It's the oldest, and maybe the best, ballpark in the major leagues.

For most baseball fans, maybe oldest is always best. We love baseball because it seizes and retains the past, like the snowy village inside a glass paperweight. Though



paintings by Thomas Sgouros

baseball goes through continual small changes, we do not acknowledge them. We cherish baseball's 1890s costumes, and scarcely notice when the doubleknits become as formfitting as Captain Marvel's workclothes. We accept the design-

nated hitter in the American League, and plastic grass in the National, as if these innovations were our heritage. Even conservative Fenway Park has added baseball's newest accessory—the Message Board—and it seems as if it

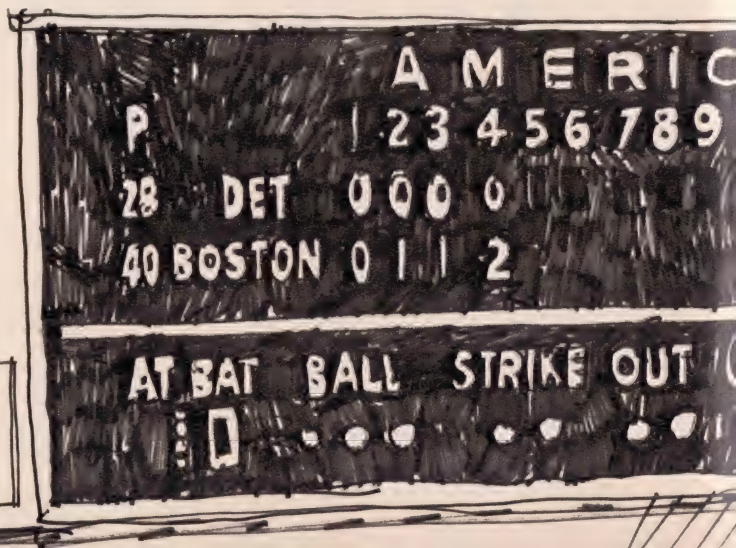
had been there forever.

As you look at the scene outside, you'd never believe that anything was new at Boston's ballpark. Ancient bars, hamburger joints, and souvenir shops jostle each other across from the pitted brick walls. In the streets, vendors of hot dogs, pennants, balloons, peanuts and illegal tickets cry their wares to the advancing crowd. The streets carry a sweet, heavy, carnival air, like an old-fashioned marketplace, and I half expect to run into a juggler or a harlequin.

Inside Fenway, late afternoon sun illuminates the grass, making it so bright that I squint to see it. I look around at the old park again, green chairs, iron girders holding the roof up—and young ballplayers taking batting practice. I come to the ballpark early to watch BP, the antique

and immemorial rituals of batting and shagging flies, while pitchers run in the outfield. Especially I come early to *this* ballpark, tiny and eccentric and warm-hearted, because I want to look my fill, and to remember.

As I look around, the oldest and smallest ballpark in the major leagues renews itself to my eyes, with its crazy angles jutting into the field. It's like a huge pinball machine designed by a mad sculptor, driving outfielders mad when they try to predict a carom. The box seats everywhere lean into the field, disturbing ballplayers who try to catch foul flies. But the closeness is great for the fans: Even general admission, in Fenway Park, is nearer the field than the box seats in new ballparks. I sat in the center field bleachers when Luis Tiant opened



the 1975 World Series; as he swivelled toward second base in his rotating windup, Luis and I were eyeball to eyeball.

I remember other games and other years. I went to Fenway first in the early Forties, when I was 13 or 14, and watched the young Ted Williams, slim as a trout, arc his flat and certain swing. Returning to Fenway every year, I saw him age. In 1948 I watched the one-game playoff between Boston and Cleveland for the American League Pennant, won by Cleveland as Lou Boudreau lifted two fly balls into the left-field screen. A year later I came with my grandfather, a New Hampshire farmer who had seen the Red Stockings play once before, late in the last century; he had been hearing about Fenway Park for almost 50 years, but had never left

his haying long enough to see a game. He decided he liked Fenway Park.

The Fifties, the Sixties, now the Seventies. All these years, Fenway has gone unchallenged. Back in the Forties, there was agitation to remove the short left field wall and take over Lansdowne Street, to build more bleachers. The Red Sox listened, but it turned out that three different cadres of politicians had to approve any move they made—city, county, state; it was unthinkable that three sets of politicians could agree on anything.

In the Sixties, agitation came from a football team which rented the stadium from the Red Sox, the Boston Patriots as they were. Understandably, they disliked the seating capacity and the sightlines—the best seats for baseball turned up in





one football end zone or the other. In Boston newspapers it was bruited that the two teams would collaborate on a new stadium near South Station, with a movable roof and places to park. But when Boston taxpayers heard the projected cost, the rumors scattered and fled. I suspect this pleased Mr. Yawkey, owner of the Red Sox until his death in 1976, who owned Fenway Park outright—no mortgage—and who would never have taken orders from a commission.

It also pleased nostalgic baseball fans everywhere, who wanted no multimillion-dollar trailer camp to replace this antique jewel, this decadent emerald set in the Boston sea. They showed their appreciation, too. In a park that seats only 33,379 people, the Red Sox have led the American League in attendance seven out of the last 10 years.

Ten out of 10 years, Boston fans led the league in enthusiasm and madness. They pull me back to Fenway as much as the ballpark

does. They're *baseball* fans, knowledgeable and assertive, if a trifle loony. They know their baseball, not from listening to TV commentators, but from sitting through hot afternoons in the Fenway bleachers. They make the old green walls palpitate and pulse as their intensity gathers and builds in the pressure of this small cooker. Their numbers include such celebrated eccentrics as the South Boston midget known only as O. O'Sullivan, who hands silver dollars to the fans around him—a dozen each time—when Carl Yastrzemski hits a home run. And there is Lulu from Honolulu, yesteryear's attraction at the Old Howard, who occupies in her dotage a grandstand seat behind the Red Sox dugout.

The reconstruction of 1934, commemorated on the bronze plaque, didn't reconstruct a whole lot. As new owner, Mr. Yawkey took down the old wooden bleachers and replaced them with modern ones, which hold up pretty well after about 40 years.

The breakneck urge toward modernization continues apace.

In the winter of 1975-76, after the great World Series of 1975, the Red Sox assembled a vast bank of lights above the center field bleachers, an item known as the Message Board, which can transmit not only messages but pictures—and not only still pictures but moving ones also. Fenway Park becomes an enormous outdoor television set.

If baseball fans are nostalgic, and Bostonians traditional, then innovation at Fenway Park is doubly cursed. When the newspapers reported the forthcoming Message Board, Boston's fans were outraged. Quickly the Red Sox assured everyone that at least the Message Board would not lead cheers: It would never, they swore, tell the fans *CHARGE*.

By early June of 1976, everyone in the park accepted the Message Board as *immemorial*. It was at least as immemorial as hot dogs, and possibly more immemorial than crackerjack. After a dazzling play, the dazzle repeated itself in the black air over center field, a grainy rotogravure, gross and miraculous, allowing us to savor again, as we had learned to savor in the privacy of our living rooms, exact repetition of the glorious act.

For myself, I was in love with it before the first pitch. Warming itself up, the Message Board showed us the groundskeepers preparing the infield at the same time as they were doing it. Thirty thousand people had the choice: They could observe the reality—a man named Al Forrester watering down the dirt of the infield—or they could watch, one one-thousandth of a millisecond later, the enlarged and fuzzy image of reality.

On the field Al Forrester strolls stoutly, doing his immemorial job. Above him on a screen, a huge and sepia Al Forrester patrols the same

acreage, his hose blooming with large drops of water, until suddenly the player at the Message Board console pushes a button, and an enormous Al Forrester *stops*, sharp, like *that*—his hose and its water petals fixed at a permanent moment—while below on the reality field the small man, returned to his merely human body, arrives at third base.

Above him, for more than 30,000 people, a moment of our lives stands stock still—like all the moments of all of us here, irrecoverable in fact, and secure in our memories: Ted Williams playing a ball in the left-field corner, Lou Boudreau lifting a fly over the green wall, my grandfather leaning forward in 1949, his eyes electric in his tanned farmer's face. Therefore we cherish a Message Board—the one outside our heads to rhyme with the one inside. □





Tough Choices in **FORD PICKUPS**

by Richard L. Routh

WHEN your Ford dealer says he has 26 *tough* choices for you in Ford pickup trucks for 1977, he isn't just whistling Dixie. He's talking about the ability of Ford trucks to perform and keep on performing.

Through the years, Ford trucks have built a reputation for being tough as evidenced by the findings in a recent survey: 93 out of 100 of all Ford trucks registered in the last 12 years still are on the job.

That toughness is based on features such as two forged-steel I-beam front axles, sturdy frames, extensive double-wall construction and special gross-vehicle-weight rating packages to provide needed weight-carrying capacity. And the 1977 Ford pickup trucks have a whole new range of anti-rust features from rustproof fender liners to greater use of pre-coated sheet metal.

Add these features to the improved fuel economy and the reduced amount of scheduled maintenance required for Ford's F-Series pickup trucks—the F-100, F-150, F-250 and F-350—and you'll readily appreciate why your Ford dealer is touting them as great buys again in 1977.

Test results approved by the federal government's Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) show the overall fuel-economy improvement from 1976 for Ford's domes-

tically produced light truck fleet is 3.1 miles per gallon, based on the EPA-estimated city-highway averages and projected sales volumes.

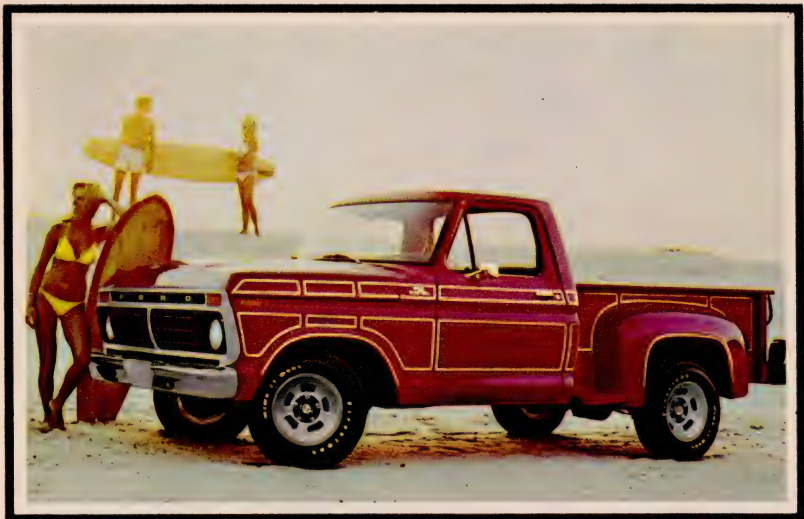
The Ford F-100 with the 300-CID Six engine and manual transmission showed the best 49-state fuel economy of all 1977 full-size pickup trucks with standard equipment. Similarly, the F-100 with a 302-CID V-8 engine and manual transmission had the best V-8 fuel-economy ratings. EPA estimated the F-100 with the 300 Six at 19 miles per gallon for city driving and 26 miles per gallon for highway driving. The F-100 with the 302 V-8 led the way with 17 and 24 miles per gallon. California ratings were lower. Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your truck's condition and optional equipment.

Further, the oil-change interval for normal service has been extended to 7,500 miles and the oil-filter-change interval to 15,000 miles after an initial 7,500-mile oil and filter change.

The easy part of the 26 *tough* choices in Ford's 1977 F-Series pickup lineup is the choice. Whatever type of truck you are seeking, Ford offers one to fit your needs, lifestyle and wallet.

Once you know your passenger and cargo-load requirements, your Ford dealer can help you with the rest. F-Series pickup-truck wheelbases range from 117 inches to

F-150 Ranger XLT



F-100 Ranger with Free Wheeling option

166.5 inches, payloads from 1,070 pounds to 5,990 pounds, engines from the standard 300 Six to the high-efficiency 460-CID V-8, transmissions from three-speed manual to automatic, cabs from the three-passenger Regular Cab to the four-door six-passenger Crew Cab, and cargo-box lengths from 6½ feet to 12 feet.

Among these choices is part-time or full-time four-wheel drive for off-the-road work with the F-150 and the F-250 4x4s. And the F-250 and F-350 are well-suited for camper carriers. Ford dealers offer a complete lineup of light trucks with Camper Special Packages to provide all the basics most campers

need. Or, if trailer-towing is your thing, Ford offers optional light- and heavy-duty towing packages to accommodate your needs. The F-350, for example, is capable of handling trailers weighing up to 10,000 pounds.

New to the F-Series pickups for 1977 are the 351-CID V-8 and 400-CID V-8 engines, replacing the previous 360-CID V-8 and 390-CID V-8 engines. The new engines are available on all models including the F-150 and F-250 4x4s where the 360-CID V-8 was the largest engine available in 1976.

A long list of features come standard on basic F-Series Custom pickups: a comfortable full-foam



F-350 Camper Special with SuperCab

bench seat, all-vinyl seat trim in a choice of five colors, behind-seat storage, fresh-air heater and defroster (high-output heater for the two-door six-passenger SuperCab), molded door panels with integral armrests, two-speed windshield wipers, door scuff plates and more.

For a little extra touch, the Custom Decor Group is available on pickups with Regular Cabs and SuperCabs. It includes knitted-vinyl seat trim, color-keyed floor mats with sound-deadening insulation, and bright exterior moldings and hub caps.

But for those seeking a higher level of quiet and luxury in their pickups, Ford offers the Ranger

and super-luxurious Ranger XLT packages.

The Ranger includes bright hub caps (except with dual rear wheels and the F-250 4x4 with part-time four-wheel drive), bright-aluminum bodyside molding with black-vinyl inserts and aluminum tailgate appliqué with stamped FORD letters. Inside are luxuries such as 10-ounce carpeting, floor-pan sound insulation, perforated-hardboard headlining with bright molding and roof sound absorber, and a black steering wheel with simulated woodgrain appliqué.

Then for Ford's finest, the Ranger XLT includes bright windshield, rear-window and drip-rail

moldings for the Crew Cab, black paint-filled molding on the rear and along the lower bodyside, and a black center section on a bright tailgate appliqué. Inside, the Ranger XLT comes with Convenience Package (includes interval wipers, glove-box lock and 12-inch day-and-night rear-view mirror), 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, cloth-and-vinyl seat trim and a padded vinyl-insert door-trim panel.

An optional XLT Luxury Group supplements the Ranger XLT with plush cloth and super-soft vinyl upholstery, padded-design headlining, color-keyed wheel covers (15- or 16.5-inch wheels only) and much more.

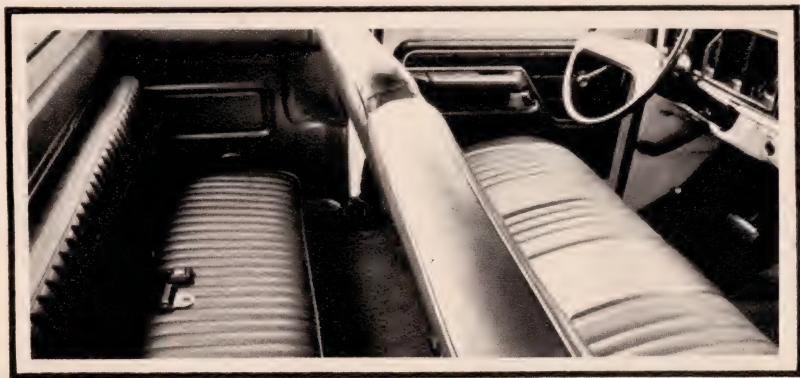
A wide variety of options permits the buyer to tailor any F-Series truck to fit his personal whims. They include air conditioning, speed control (with the 351 or larger V-8), dual-tape paint stripes

for Stylesides, mag-style wheel covers for 15-inch wheels, a spare-tire lock, an electric rear-window defroster (Regular or SuperCab), a rear-step bumper for Stylesides and a choice of radios: AM/FM stereo, AM/FM monaural or AM.

F-series trucks pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Combination Tu-Tone paint, wheel covers, Ranger XLT low-mount side-view mirror, tie-down hooks, movable rear glass, knitted-vinyl seat trim and a custom-painted rear bumper. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Optional SuperCab with knitted vinyl seat



by Joseph Blotner
paintings by Randall McKissick

THE SCENE might have been a leftover Tara set from *Gone With the Wind*. Of course the ladies were in Givenchys and Diors rather than crinolines, and the gentlemen wore dinner jackets instead of tailcoats over their ruffled shirts. But beyond the sweep of the veranda, where the guests accepted glasses from white-coated waiters, were the fragrant magnolia trees and the well-kept masses of gardenias and wisteria.

This was my first Mississippi Delta house party, and from the moment I arrived there had been good food and drink and good talk, seasoned with that exquisite, unobtrusive courtesy that somehow lets a guest know his presence pleases his host.

There was a particular kind of charm here, a unique mixture of intimacy and formality. Some had always been on a first-name basis, but you heard old friends as well as new acquaintances addressed as "sir" and "ma'm." The hospitality was an aspect of Southern manners as much as the speech forms, and I told my host how much I appreciated it and how natural it seemed.

The best of Southern good manners are never overt, but rather natural and warm and enveloping, like spring sunshine.

I had known this feeling in



Southern
Courtesy





Southern settings that didn't look like movie sets. I remembered a phrase that typified it—a phrase heard countless times in homes, restaurants and shops: "Y'all come back an' see us now, ya' heah?" Sometimes it sounded flat, like the recitation of a litany, but more often it conveyed a sense of warmth beyond mere formality or the hope of future patronage.

Old-fashioned virtues prevail

Underlying the outward forms of manners is a whole set of social assumptions and relationships. They involve old-fashioned virtues such as respect for elders, for dignity, and for privacy. In many parts of the South, children still are trained to use sir, ma'm, or some other title of respect. This usage is not as prevalent as it once was, but it would be unnatural to many Southerners not to address an elder, often an equal, with "Yes, sir," or "Yes, ma'm." And to substitute a flat "What?" for "Sir?" or "Ma'm?" would be equally unthinkable. And even though a response may be slurred into "Yessum" or "No'm," it is still as sincere as the ingrained gentleman's gesture of rising when a lady enters the room. There's a quick "Thank you" for even the smallest service, and an invariable "Pardon me" or "Excuse me" for the slightest inconvenience. Finally, there's the supreme compliment of good listening with no hint that interest has waned.

Intimacy cuts across formality, however, as when a child will address an older family friend as "Mister Bill" or "Doctor Jack" and so continue for the rest of his life. And it would not be extraordinary for a little girl, grown up, to be delivered by "Doctor Jack" of a little girl who in her turn would address him with the same mixture of respect and affection.

Just as manners between kinfolks and friends bear a special stamp, so can those between strangers. The custom of greeting strangers you pass on the street is uniquely Southern, to my knowledge. It is practiced most frequently, of course, in small towns and cities. A tip of the hat and a greeting to everyone you pass as you walk down Atlanta's Peachtree Street would be time-consuming and even a bit startling. But more often than not, the gesture would be returned or in some way acknowledged. On less crowded streets in non-metropolitan places, the old "Good morning, sir," can still be heard, exchanged between strangers.

There are other implications in these manners besides those of family structure and traditions of authority and respect. Teaching children to live up to ancestors may be intensified in the case of old stock fallen on evil times, where the family tradition may be the only substantial legacy to current generations. And there is an egalitarian cast to these customs which

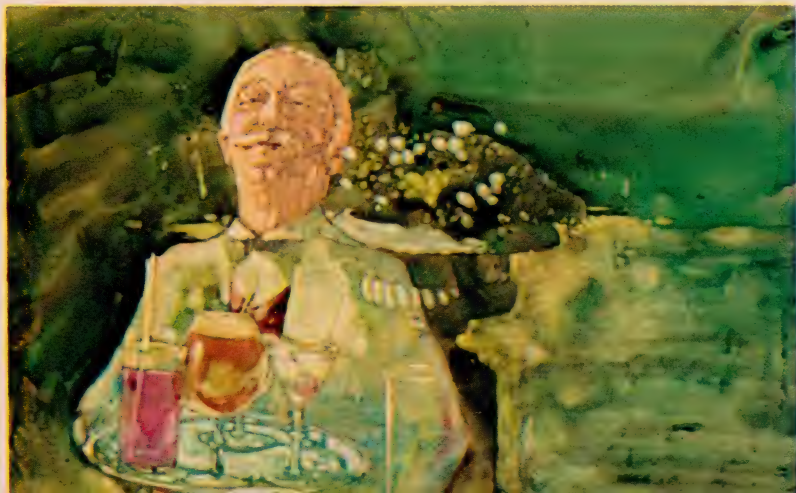
cuts across social and economic lines. A landowner in conversation with one of his tenant farmers would be likely to be just as scrupulous as his tenant in saying "Yes, sir." The South has always been socially stratified, but in a limited sense manners have worked to make men equal.

There are very useful aspects to these customs. Good manners lend privacy. It is easier to keep a questioner at arm's length with a polite formality which discourages familiarity. In addition, the forms of courtesy can contain the clash of competing ideas and bar the intrusion of rancor. The Congress, for instance, depends on an elaborate system of outrageously florid courtesy to contain the passions of strong men engaged in fierce debate. The master practitioners of the fine art of debate usually come from the

South, and their advantage is that unflinching courtesy and courtliness come naturally to them. They don't have to learn the rituals of good manners after they come to Washington, as do some of their colleagues from other parts of the country.

Living in the South can be a constant learning experience. A professor newly arrived in Virginia, I was roused from a nap one Sunday afternoon by a polite knocking. My wife and children were out, and by the time I opened the door the callers were gone, but two engraved cards fluttered to my feet: one bearing the name of the chairman of my department, the other his name and that of his wife. White-gloved, she had accompanied him on his punctilious calls on the new arrivals.

The next Sunday we were ready



when they returned. The formal call, we were to learn, had a scenario all its own. It included not just the offering of sherry or coffee, but pursuit of the art of conversation, and a kind of politeness expressed in the very posture of the body. If we had been Southerners, we might have found ourselves engaged in that game that begins, "Are you kin to _____?" and then goes on down genealogical byways that often lead to surprises as well as dead ends. But we could not play that game, and so we conversed about subjects that interested us genuinely, without the kind of edged witticisms coined at someone else's expense.

Body language fascinating

As for the body language, it was fascinating to see the indelible marks of lessons learned half a century or more before—lessons that teach alert listening. One of our friends (whose husband sometimes referred to her as "Miss Estelle") still sat in company on the front of her chair, her back straight and touching no cushion.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "if I slumped against a chair-back my mother would say to me, 'You must be tired, dear, perhaps you should go up to your room and rest.'"

But the South is changing, and the old ways are eroding. We are reminded constantly of another paradoxical process. The greater

the growth of the Southern economy, the wider the appeal of Southern ways, the more the region is absorbed into the new America with a consequent loss of uniqueness. The weathervane has turned to point the increasing migration of Americans to the South. Television announcers with Southern accents sell everything from truck suspensions to T-bones. At the same time, neighborhood life in many Southern cities is disappearing in flurries of urban planning and suburban car pools which take executives' children to country day schools.

The dream of "the New South" that took root in Atlanta a century ago is becoming a reality. Each year more farms and plantations go out of cultivation as gleaming insurance company buildings and other symbols of modernism appear. But out in the country you can still see some of the old customs. And the South is still a place where there is room for individuality and the genuine personal contact it encourages, a place where people bear given names such as Lady Catherine and Baby Doll as well as Jennifer and Joshua and Dierdre. Daily, as the easy syntax and soft syllables of Southern speech reach us through the TV set, out there, in the drug stores and groceries and cafés, the real thing can still be heard: "Y'all come back an' see us now, ya' heah?"

Maybe we should, while there's still time. □

The Best of Two Worlds—

LTD II



by Edward A. Robeson

WHEN you've got an opportunity to build an all-new entry for the fastest growing segment of the American automobile market, how

do you make sure it's a winner?

At Ford Motor Company the decision was to offer the best of two worlds—the luxury, quality and

LTD II Brougham two-door



traditional fine workmanship of the standard-setting LTD in combination with the sporty spirit of Mustang II. The foal of Mustang II out of LTD is the frisky LTD II, a spirited performer that's trimmer in size and price than the LTD, but roomy enough for six passengers. It's a fresh young car that's just right for its time—a family car that's a lot of fun to drive.

V-8 engine standard

In price, the LTD II is a strong challenger to all competitors. And the price includes such standard features as a V-8 engine, automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, steel-belted radial tires, DuraSpark Ignition, wiper-mounted washer jets, DirectAire Ventilation system, coolant-recovery system and more. The seats are plush and comfortable, and body-and-frame construction with rubber body mounts isolates road harshness. There's ample trunk space to carry luggage for all the family on vacation—up to 16.9 cubic feet with the available space-saver spare tire, a no-cost option.

LTD II comes in nine models—two- and four-door versions in each of three series: the LTD II S, the LTD II and the top-of-the-line luxury LTD II Brougham, plus three wagons: the LTD II S, LTD II and LTD II Squire.

A wide, eggcrate-textured chrome grille flanked by vertically stacked rectangular headlights dominates

the front end of the LTD II. Fender-mounted parking lamps that double as turn signals ride outboard. Wide side windows and a low rear window over an almost-flat deck lid offer excellent visibility. In addition, opera windows are standard on two-door models, except the S series, and are included with the optional vinyl roof on four-door models.

The standard engine for two- and four-door models is the 302-CID V-8, and station wagons in all three series are equipped with a peppy 351-CID V-8. With California or high-altitude emission equipment, the required engines are the 351-CID for two- and four-door models in the S, mid-series, and Brougham two-door, and the 400-CID V-8 for the Brougham four-door and wagons.

With options available, it's easy to personalize the LTD II. The LTD II Brougham, for instance, is available with a new 1977½ optional trim set and four exterior color combinations. The trim set has a creme all-vinyl split-bench seat with blue accent straps and welts, and the exterior color combinations are creme paint with either a creme or dark-blue vinyl roof, and dark-blue metallic with a creme or dark-blue vinyl roof.

Two new sporty dress-up packages are available as options on the LTD II S and LTD II series two-door models. Both packages include a sporty grille badge, 14-inch mag-



All-vinyl bucket seats available on Brougham and LTD II

num 500 styled steel wheels with bright trim rings and H70 x 14 tires with raised white letters.

One package also includes unique Tu-Tone paint with tape breaks on the bodysides, hood and lower back panel. The five color combinations available are medium-gray metallic/silver metallic, light-jade glow/dark-jade metallic, chamois glow/dark-brown metallic, bright-blue glow/dark-blue metallic and polar white/dark red.

The second package features a broad bodyside tape stripe that wraps up the rear roof pillar and over the roof in lieu of the Tu-Tone paint. The tape will be white with red and orange accent stripes on cars painted dark-brown metallic, chamois glow, bright-saddle metal-

lic, dark red, dark-blue metallic or dark-jade metallic. The tape will be red with yellow and orange accent stripes on cars painted polar white or silver metallic. A choice of either tape is available on cars painted black. (See your dealer for details on availability.)

LTD II offers a choice of two optional climate-control systems. The SelectAire conditioner has manually set controls with six positions for the utmost versatility in cooling, ventilating and heating the interior. With the Automatic Temperature Control air conditioner, you just set the temperature you want and forget it. The system automatically maintains the temperature you set and cools or heats the interior as required.

An optional electric rear-window defroster defogs the rear window and melts snow and ice.

An especially useful option is the Illuminated Entry System. Lifting either front-door handle illuminates the keyhole and turns on interior lights for extra convenience and security at night.

The optional power-lock group actuates electric door locks and the trunk-lid release or station-wagon-tailgate lock.

An optional fingertip speed-control system maintains pre-set speeds over 30 miles per hour. The system is steering-wheel mounted with fingertip controls.

An optional tilt steering wheel adjusts to five different positions for increased comfort in driving and

easier entry and exit.

An optional power-window system includes individual controls at door windows with a master control console for the driver. For added security when riding with children, there are lockout switches for four-door and station-wagon models that permit operation of power windows by the driver only.

Tachometer included

A special optional sports-instrumentation group includes a tachometer, oil, alternator and temperature gauges, an electric clock, trip odometer and engine-turned appliques on the instrument panel and on a luxury steering wheel.

There is a choice of three vinyl-roof treatments on two-door models—full, half front, and half rear.

To provide intermediate station-wagon buyers an alternative to all-vinyl trim, the flight bench seat standard in LTD II and LTD II Squire wagons is available with optional Logan plaid bodycloth in red, blue, jade and saddle.

LTD II models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: deluxe bumper group, luxury wheel covers, wide-band white-sidewall tires, rear-half vinyl roof, dual sport mirrors, glamour paint, bucket seats, console, power side windows, turbine-spoke cast-aluminum wheels, sports instrumentation group, AM/FM stereo radio with tape player and SelectAire conditioning.

FORTHCOMING

A popular spring feature of FORD TIMES—the “FORD TIMES Buyer’s Digest”—will appear in its 1977 version in the forthcoming May issue. The illustrated Buyer’s Digest will display the makes and models available at your Ford dealer, list standard and optional equipment, and give up-to-date suggested retail prices for cars and optional equipment. In addition, there will be a 1977 Armchair Estimator that makes it easy to select the car you want with the equipment you want at the price you want. ☐

WELL, WE'VE known for some time that plants like to be talked to. We have it on no less authority than *The Wall Street Journal*. But what nobody has bothered to say in any detail at all is what plants like to hear. Are we to presume that a philodendron gets just as much thrill being told he looks perky as he does out of a risqué joke? Will a begonia bloom just as brightly for hearing the daily headlines read as she will from having her roots fussed over?

To tell the truth, until quite recently I had given little thought to what was said to my plants. In fact, I had given *no* thought to it. But now that I have, I find myself doubting some of the advice coming from the experts.

Plant specialists generally believe, for example, that plants with any potential at all fairly

adore classical music. Well, theories are okay, but do we actually *know* the tender vegetation in our bookcases prefers Beethoven to Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks? Is there any hard evidence? And if there is, what does it say about reggae? Personally, I think my plants would favor a good rendition of "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie" over anything Bach ever composed. And of course, there's nothing that will set an asparagus fern sprouting like Tammy Wynette belting out "D-I-V-O-R-C-E."

The experts also contend that growing shrubs abhor turbulence. One man I know is deeply concerned

what
do you say
to a shy
aspidistra?

by Virginia Kidd
illustrations by Kathy Taylor



about the effects of television violence on his Boston fern. "After all," he explained, "Ferns don't go to sleep when family hour is over." He absolutely refuses to allow his avocado plant to watch any police shows at all. Even reruns of "Dragnet" have some ominous overtones for a sensitive avocado, he told me.

My friend Casey was very worried about her shefflera because of such expert advice. She and her husband were having increasing numbers of arguments, and Casey knew the effect was bad on her shefflera. She approached Leo on the subject as calmly as possible.

"Leo, I know we have our disagreements, but there is no need to let our problems affect those around us." She twisted her handkerchief and her blue eyes filled prettily. "You've simply got to stop shouting around the shefflera."

"Shefflera?" croaked her husband. "Shefflera?" He leaped from his chair and virtually ran to the cowering plant. "I'll yell at the shefflera if I want to! Yaaaaa!" he screamed. "Yaaaa to the shefflera! Yaaaaaa!"

Casey grabbed the plant and ran from the house, hearing behind her what she described as fits of fiendish laughter. After the divorce, she sent Leo a postcard that said simply, "Hooray!" It was signed, "Shefflera."

I respect Casey for her actions in this matter, but I must say I am not completely persuaded by her position. Suppose, for example, that you were a piggy-back, with nothing to do but loll about the house packing other little piggies on your leaves all day. I mean, really, wouldn't you appreciate a little excitement, a little hollering and yelling now and then? Imagine the value to those big trees that live in eternal ennui in bank lobbies when an occasional robbery comes off. The thrill, the excitement, guns barking, masked strangers hiding behind them, silver coins sliding across their pots! How infinitely preferable to the long days of nothing but numbers on a page,



when the most excitement they experience is the snap of a pencil point.

There is, of course, one unfortunate implication of talking with plants, and that, too, is conveniently overlooked by experts: Any plant which can hear also can overhear. Now that I realize that, I find myself looking suspiciously around the room and lowering my voice near the geranium. Think of it—whispering the secrets of your passion to your lover, believing you are alone together, only to look up and discover a creeping fig leering over your shoulder, a hyacinth taking in your potential *deshabille*, and a prayer plant probably relaying everything you do directly to heaven.

What we need is a guide for discussions with plants that will tell us who is trustworthy and who is just gloating at the secrets whispered into his soft little petals. It must be obvious to everyone that you just can't take up with an emerald ripple the same subjects you would to an elegantissima. A guide could let us know which plants like off-color stories, which immerse themselves in cultural topics, which are up on the latest baseball scores, which would be worth speaking to about the implications of *Hedda Gabler*. (Personally, I feel it is perfectly useless to try to discuss Ibsen with anything but a Swedish ivy.)



With such a guide we'll be able to begin treating plants as the unique individuals they are instead of lumping them together in some bigoted stereotype. We then can show a little more class when relating to our plants. The coleus can stop blushing at our inane remarks, and the purple velvet can quit pretending to turn her head every time we stroll into the kitchen. We'll know she'd just as soon wither as be caught chatting with us, and we'll leave her alone and cuddle up with the string of hearts. □

by Claire Robey
paintings by Neil Boyle

*Pottery and perfume and
refried beans; sandals and
saddles and refried beans;
tortillas, tacos, taquitos,
tostados, tequila and refried
beans—that's Ensenada.*

EACH YEAR thousands of tourists are lured to Ensenada, Mexico, by the mild climate, the dramatic setting of a crescent bay, the promise of all-season fishing and an easily accessible journey to a foreign land.

The compact, bustling city of Ensenada lies 65 miles south of the California border, an hour-and-a-half drive via Old Highway 1. You can make the trip along the new Toll Highway 1-D, which is 73 miles of easier driving, but it still takes an hour and a half, costs \$2.40 in toll charges and is less scenic.

The picturesque Rosarito Beach Hotel, once the resort of movie stars, presidents and rajahs, is a



ENSENADA

and refried beans



favorite stopping place for refreshments. The high-beamed-ceiling dining room, its walls decorated with faded murals, overlooks the Pacific Ocean and offers a gentle introduction to Baja, California: a blend of slow-paced Mexican customs and frenetic American tourism.

It's 3:30 on a Saturday afternoon. The dark interior of Hussong's cantina, Ensenada's "in" meeting place, is jammed to the walls with under-30 Americans sipping cerveza or margaritas, waiting for something to happen. All chairs, all faces, all eyes are turned toward the door. You hear expectancy humming in the air like the drone of a bee looking for a succulent blossom. Two girls sit at a corner table, hanging onto their drinks, not speaking . . . watching the doorway. The bearded young men at the next table ignore them. They, too, are watching the door.

From Rosarito the road winds through a steeply walled valley studded with grotesquely shaped cacti, curls back toward the rocky coastline, past villages and trailer

parks, meanders inland over low hills, then curves around the harbor district and into Ensenada.

"Shine your shoes?" the small boy, perhaps five, maybe six, years old, calls out, tagging close beside you down the street. "Ten cents. Shine your shoes?" His large black eyes are plaintive, plucking the strings of your guilt. You shake your head, no. "Five cents?" You walk on, angry and embarrassed. He mumbles an obscenity in English just loud enough for you to hear.

The choice of hotels and motels is abundant. El Cid, La Pinta and San Nicholas all have comfort combined with atmosphere, although somewhat contrived. It's the comfort you will be paying for. The true ambience of Ensenada is not to be found in its hotels.

The old man's face is as brown and furrowed as the dry earth. Deep ravines cut across his forehead, shallower ones converging at the corners of his eyes. His hands are gnarled and cracked. They move deftly as he weaves the pale-green fronds of wicker: over, under, in an ever-widening circle till the basket begins to reveal its shape. He smiles proudly, squinting against the sun, as you watch him work.

Ensenada is for walking. Along Avenida Lopez Mateo, every doorway is an invitation: shops selling





knitted bulky sweaters, hand-painted ceramics, imported perfumes, leather jackets, suede purses and woven shawls; cantinas offering margueritas and music.

She stands in the window of the small restaurant, her eyes ringed with heavy black eyebrow pencil and lidded with blue shadow. She works mechanically as she pats the rough, tan dough between her hands, rolls it up and down the long stone slab, presses it between the heavy black iron plates, tosses it onto the grill, turns it over, then throws the tortilla into a warming basket. You

can smell the hot grease around her. She brushes a strand of hair from her forehead with the back of her hand, never breaking her rhythm of labor.

El Rey Sol restaurant, with its stained-glass windows, curly wrought-iron chandeliers, terracotta-tiled floors and blue-and-white-checked table cloths, all tastefully done in an Old-World style, offers French, Mexican and American cuisine served in a manner of quiet, unassuming elegance. Plump chunks of lobster in a piquant cocktail sauce; French onion soup au gratinée; camarones rellenos: tender, juicy butterfly



shrimp topped with a garnish of bread crumbs, garlic and parsley and laced with a light chili and wine sauce; hot strong coffee and a choice of delicate pastries.

They stroll into the restaurants and bars in pairs, cradling their guitars, boredom like stagnant pools in their eyes. "You like music?" one asks. The other looks at something beyond. You are a novice and nod your head. "Solamente una vez," they sing and strum their guitars without conviction. One chorus of "Solamente una vez"; then, "One dollar, please," the spokesman says. The price varies. The song is always the same.

Where the northern end of Avenida Lopez Mateo intersects Avenida Ruiz, attractive shops

sell European imported china, perfume and crystal at prices slightly lower than in the U.S. One block to the east the music flowing from the cantinas is more *tipico*, the shops less expensive. There are shoe stores, furniture stores, banks, pharmacies and small department stores. Ho Yuen's restaurant is also here, serving a relief from the inevitable refried beans, with Chinese food the specialty. The food is excellent and the prices reasonable by Ensenada standards.

Walk farther up the avenue and poke down the side streets. This is the authentic Ensenada, not the one invented for the rich *Norteamericanos*. Vintage red buses line up to take the people back to their outlying villages; bakeries display their sweetness in the windows; open-air stalls sell bananas and tangerines, freshly caught fish and green vegetables. The area is crowded with housewives doing their daily marketing.

He's ten years old. Alone, he tends the pushcart, occasionally rearranging the hot coals so that the gray powdery ashes fall to the bottom and a red glow surfaces. He keeps the ears of corn turning slowly on wooden spits. Your mouth waters as the splattering of juices sends up the delicious amber aroma of fresh roasted maize. His arms are still pudgy with baby fat. His hands are old and cynical. □



The Only Way to Go

Dear Sirs: We were pleased to read your article, "LTD: Quiet, Roomy Comfort for Six" (December 1976). We have our third LTD. Everyone has told us there will be no more big cars and we should give up on them. We still have two unmarried children that are with us at times and need the room as well as the comfort. We think LTD is the only way to go. In fact our married son recently borrowed our LTD to take his wife on a long awaited and planned trip to California. They own a Volkswagen.

Ms. V. P. Groleau
Winthrop Harbor, Illinois

Clute Gets an A+

Dear Sirs: I drive a 1970 Thunderbird that has more than 100,000 miles on it and still is in excellent condition—enough so that we took a trip to New England in it recently. However, we ran into a bit of trouble the first week out; our drive shaft needed replacing. We were right outside Elmira, New York, so were directed to the Clute Motor Co. on State Highway 328. Everyone we dealt with there was sympathetic to our plight, friendly

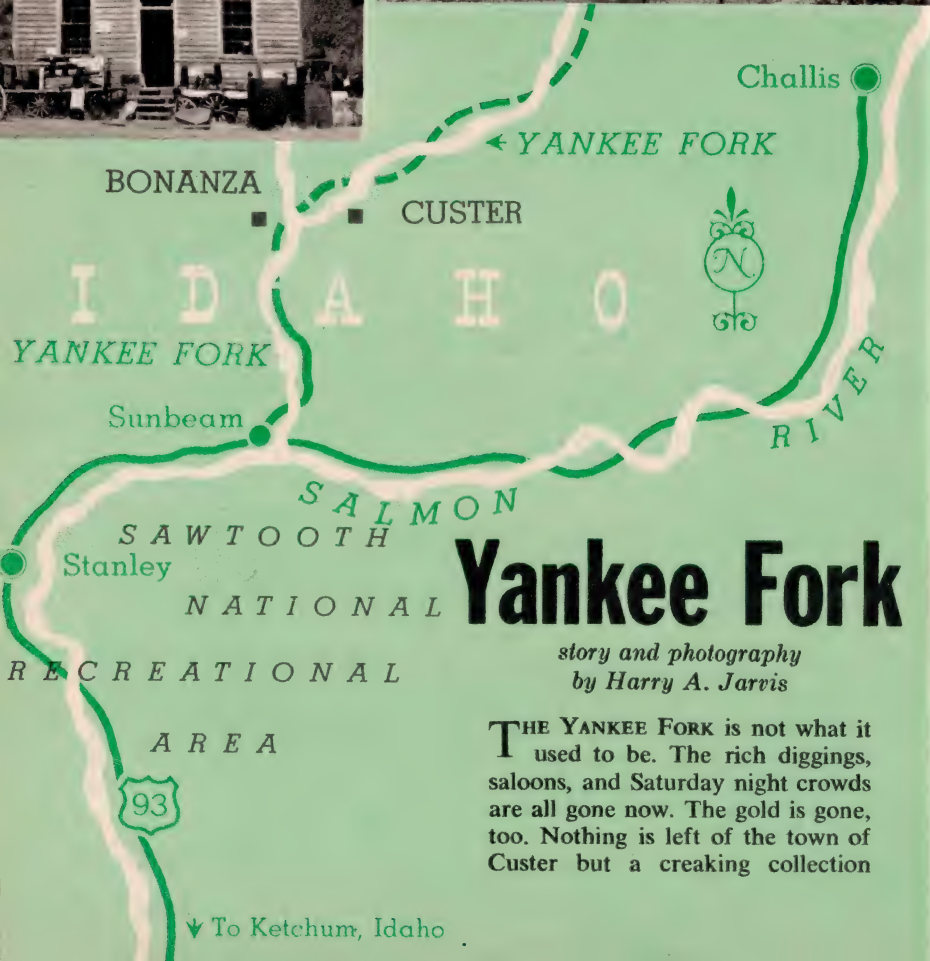
and most helpful. We were charged an extremely fair price, not only for parts but also the labor. Within an hour from the time we drove in, we were back on the road—thanks to an extremely well-run operation . . . not to mention the cleanest garage I've ever had my car in. If ever my car breaks down again out East, I hope I'm not too far from Elmira and Clute!

Robert Linhart
Minneapolis, Minnesota

No One Told Gertrude

Dear Sirs: In July of 1969 we purchased a used 1968 LTD Brougham. Many believed this to be a rather extravagant purchase as my husband was in graduate school at the University of Illinois. But we wanted a comfortable, safe, economical car to take us on our many trips. Since that time, we have lived in California and Minnesota. Now my husband is with Wayne State University and here we are in Michigan. Our 1968 Ford is right here with us. This summer, after 161,000 miles, we gave it a tune-up and a new coat of paint and took it on yet another 10,000-mile vacation. We feel our car has been very economical. It still has almost all the major original parts. My husband keeps saying, "It can't last forever." Someone should tell that to Gertrude. Gertrude is our car's name.

Patricia Wireman
Southfield, Michigan



Yankee Fork

*story and photography
by Harry A. Jarvis*

THE YANKEE FORK is not what it used to be. The rich diggings, saloons, and Saturday night crowds are all gone now. The gold is gone, too. Nothing is left of the town of Custer but a creaking collection

of sagging shacks; the streets of Bonanza are deserted, dusty and still. There are only ghosts along the Yankee Fork of the Salmon River now.

This quaint bit of bygone era has been designated an historic site to be protected and preserved for visitors to Idaho's Sawtooth National Recreation Area.

From high in the Salmon River Mountains, the Yankee Fork flows down a narrow, pine-cloaked canyon. Between Stanley and Challis it joins the main stream of the Salmon River along the national recreation area's north perimeter. Here sightseers and history gatherers can get a glimpse of the glory days of gold mining in the Old West.

In 1866 a party of Yankee prospectors located placer claims in this fork of the Salmon. By 1876 the rush was on. Bonanza boomed up overnight and soon had 28 business establishments and 1,500 residents. Custer came into being in 1878. When a mill was constructed in 1880, Custer's population zoomed to 3,500, making it the largest town in Custer County.

The mill and most of both towns' buildings are no longer standing. Forest fires, weather and other natural calamities have taken their toll. But the old Custer School did survive. Because of the foresight of "Tuff" McGowan, it now houses a museum containing numerous artifacts of the gold rush era. Born and raised in Custer, McGowan spent

countless days and dollars collecting the items displayed in the Custer Museum (accessible from U.S. 93 by unimproved road). In 1966, he turned his museum over to the National Forest Service.

In addition to what is left of the town itself, Bonanza has a well-preserved pioneer cemetery and an interesting boot-hill—so that desperadoes could be buried separately from the community's law-abiding citizens. But the most startling sight on the Yankee Fork lies just beyond Bonanza. Here, on the outskirts of town, a ghostly gray gold dredge squats motionless in a gravelled pothole. This mechanical monster with its long craning neck and huge rotating shovel-buckets once frantically worked the river, spewing its banks with miles of gravel.

The dredge-boat was a strange vessel. Four stories high, it could float in as little as 11 feet of water while its bucket line of 72 eight-cubic-foot buckets dug to a depth of 35 feet. This dredging demon had an insatiable appetite for ore. Roaming the river from 1939 until 1942, it digested \$11 million worth of gold for its owners and spit out the gravelled overburden.

The National Forest Service is in the process of obtaining ownership of the dredge, so that it, too, may be preserved.

For the dredge and the many miles of river and canyon might be the most significant bit of history on the Yankee Fork. □

MACKINAC

MICHIGAN'S

*On this sleepy Lake Huron isle, the
only rubber-tired vehicles
are bikes and horse-drawn carriages
story and photography by Baker Johnson*



THE INDIANS called it Michilimackinac—"The Great Turtle." And like its hardshelled namesake, Mackinac Island lazily suns itself in the cool water of Lake Huron, just northeast of the narrow straits that separated Michigan's penin-

sulas until completion of the Mackinac Bridge in 1957.

The island's name is pronounced "Mackinaw," same as in Mackinaw City, which is located at the tip of the mitten that forms Michigan's Lower Peninsula and is the point





of embarkation for island-bound ferries loaded with vacationers from points south. These travelers reach Mackinaw City by a variety of routes. Some take scenic U. S. 23, hugging the evergreen shore of Lake Huron. Some drive up Interstate 75—from as far away as Florida. Others come in from Chicago on U. S. 31. Meanwhile, ferries from St. Ignace, Mackinaw's sister city across the strait, bear travelers who have arrived from the north or west via U. S. 2.

What draws vacationers to Mackinac Island? There's the perfumed air of lilac time in June. Some of the bushes were planted by French explorers 100 years ago. There are the sailboat races in July: the Chicago- and Port Huron-to-Mackinac races are the nation's top fresh-water sailing events of the year. And for hay-fever sufferers looking for a hideout in August or September, Mackinac offers air that's free of pollen (and pollution and pesky mosquitos).

No private automobiles are

allowed on the island. You store your car in one of the facilities provided at Mackinaw City or St. Ignace and board a ferry. From the island's docks, a liveried porter totes your luggage to your hotel on the handlebar of his bicycle. If you come in convention, your party and luggage are delivered by horse-drawn carriage. If you are going to visit between mid-June and Labor Day, make hotel reservations well in advance.

The most famous of Mackinac's eight resort hotels is Grand Hotel, a four-story structure that dominates the view from the straits. It is said to be the world's largest summer hotel, its 800-foot multipillared porch the world's longest. Guests at the Grand can swim in the pool made famous in a Hollywood film by Esther Williams or golf on the hotel's 18 challenging holes. There are countless hiking trails on the island and Lake Shore Boulevard is a sight-seer's delight by bike or carriage.

Island flies three flags

Flags of three nations have flown over Mackinac Island: the Fleur de Lis of France, the Union Jack of Great Britain and the Stars and Stripes. All three now fly wherever you go, fluttering reminders of the island's past.

Mackinac Island has two historic forts. On a hill north of Mackinac Island City (as it is officially incorporated) is Fort Holmes, a

timber and earthen fortification named for Major Andrew Holmes, American commander who fell during the attempt to retake the island from the English in 1814. Sitting on high ground to the northeast is Fort Mackinac, which dates back to 1780 and is preserved as a museum. Visitors can tour the soldiers' barracks, blockhouse, officers' quarters, and hospital.

The hospital holds a special spot in medical history. In 1822 a U. S. Army surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, was called upon to treat 19-year-old Alexis St. Martin, who was suffering from an accidental gunshot wound. Much of his side had been blown away, exposing the perforated stomach. Beaumont cared for St. Martin in his own home for two years, but the wound would not heal completely.

With St. Martin's consent, Beaumont studied the digestive process through the small stomach opening that hadn't closed, and, over a period of eight years, conducted some 200 experiments. Part of his research was done in the Fort's hospital; the results, published in 1833, revolutionized existing theories on the subject. St. Martin recovered and was able to lead the hard life of a voyager.

Still standing on the island are the colonial mansions of Southern plantation owners who summered here before the Civil War. The Astor House, now a museum, served as headquarters of the American

Fur Company, which monopolized the Great Lakes fur trade in the early 1800s.

After the Civil War, the lumber barons and the cream of Chicago society began spending their summers at Mackinac. Of those homes that have remained private dwellings, one is the Governor's Mansion, summer headquarters for Michigan's top official.

Nature has left stamp

Nature, too, has left her stamp on the island. Whether you're traveling by foot, carriage or bicycle, you can view numerous natural formations, among them Chimney Rock and Arch Rock, which rivals Virginia's Natural Bridge. Spelunkers can glory in Skull Cave and Eagle Point Cave.

The commerce of nations passes before the island: Mackinac Straits is one of the world's busiest waterways. Grain-filled ships head for Europe, ore freighters for Pittsburgh via Erie. Despite all the traffic at its doorstep, Mackinac has only one industry: fudge-making. It's a sweet setup for some six shops, with retail outlets at every candy counter on the island.

That's the way the State of Michigan wants it. Its legislators made 95 per cent of the island a state park less than a year after the federal government relinquished title in 1894. That's the way the island's 900 residents want it, too.

Most visitors understand why. □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



painting by Robert Boston

DEARBORN INN DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Henry Ford built the Dearborn Inn in 1931 for the convenient accommodation of travelers who landed at the nearby Ford airport. Today this charming colonial hostelry on Oakwood Boulevard is just a few hundred feet from the Henry Ford Museum, Greenfield Village and the Ford Guest Center. Information on special Early-American-Week-end packages available on request. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities. Reservations advisable. Adrian deVogel is the manager.

VEAL CHOPS, HUNTER'S STYLE

Season 8 one-inch veal chops with salt and pepper and then roll in flour until they are coated lightly.

Brown chops slowly in a sauté pan in 4 tablespoons of olive oil. Remove browned chops from pan. Into the pan put 8 tablespoons of butter and sauté 24 floured chicken livers. Remove livers and keep warm. In the same pan cook 4 teaspoons mixed, finely chopped onion and mushrooms until brown. Add 1 cup white wine and cook until liquid is reduced by half. To this mixture add 2 cups brown gravy and 2 cups thin tomato sauce. Return chops and chicken livers to the pan and place in 300° oven for 30 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve over 4 cups of hot buttered noodles which have been seasoned with ½ cup of grated Parmesan cheese. Makes 8 servings.

OVERLOOK RESTAURANT LEAVENWORTH, INDIANA

The dining room is perched on a bluff overlooking the Ohio River. It is a great place to dine and also to watch barges come up the river or see the sun set behind the hills in Kentucky. It is on State Highway 62 (The Lincoln Heritage Trail) in southern Indiana. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. It is near a marina, and there are three caves for travelers to

explore within 12 miles of the restaurant.

DANG GOOD PIE

- ¾ stick butter or margarine*
- 3 eggs*
- 3 tablespoons flour*
- 1½ cups sugar*
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained*
- 1 cup coconut flakes*
- 9-inch unbaked pie shell*

Melt butter and mix with remaining ingredients. Pour filling into unbaked pie shell and bake 1 hour at 350° or until set and brown.

painting by Robert Taylor



painting by Roy Pauli

HOTEL L'ESTEREL COUNTY PREVOST, QUEBEC

A magnificent year-around resort on a lake in the heart of the Laurentian Mountains, L'Esterel is 51 miles north of Montreal. Take Exit 69 from Highway 15 (Laurentian Autoroute), follow 370 east for about eight miles to the hotel. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily in three dining rooms. Reservations advisable.

SAUTÉED CHICKEN À LA GRAND-MÈRE

Quarter two chickens. Season with salt and pepper and dip chicken pieces in flour. Brown chicken in 4 tablespoons cooking oil in a

skillet. Place browned chicken pieces in a casserole. To the casserole add ½-inch piece of carrot, a stick of celery, 1 onion, diced, 1 cup red wine and 3 tablespoons chicken stock. Cook slowly in covered casserole at 350° for 45 minutes. While chicken is baking, fry ½ cup cubed salt pork and sauté ½ cup of mushroom caps in the fat. Hold. Remove chicken from the casserole gravy and strain gravy. Continue to cook gravy over medium heat until it has reached the desired consistency. Pour gravy over chicken, then add salt pork, mushrooms and ½ cup of croutons. Serves 8.

THE TACK ROOM TUCSON, ARIZONA

Housed in the old and elegant Western-style hacienda called Rancho del Rio, this resort-hotel dining room is one of the finest in the state. With special arrangements guests may order an exciting seven-course gourmet dinner. Only dinner is served. Reservations necessary for meals and for overnight accommodations. The hotel is open every day, year-round; the dining room is closed Mondays from July 1 through October 1. The hotel is at 2800 N. Sabino Canyon Road and is owned by the Vactor and Kane families.

STEAK TARTARE

*6 ounces finely chopped raw sirloin
or tenderloin (no fat)*

*4 anchovy fillets
¼ tablespoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon red wine vinegar
1 tablespoon garlic oil
2 dashes Tabasco sauce
2 dashes Worcestershire sauce
1 raw egg yolk
2 tablespoons minced onion
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 grated hard boiled egg
Dash of cognac or brandy (optional)
Salt and freshly ground pepper, to taste
2 tablespoons capers*

Reduce anchovy fillets to paste using 2 forks. Add mustard, vinegar, garlic oil, Tabasco and Worcestershire. Blend thoroughly and add egg yolk. Mix with meat. Add minced onion, parsley, grated egg, cognac, salt and pepper. Mix again and add capers. Serve on rye toast. Makes one portion.

painting by Harry Borgman

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But Where Are the



*by Zena Collier
paintings by Gil DiCicco*

AT 3 A.M., in the sleeping quiet of a residential street, six men cluster around a van, packing it with objects impossible to identify in the darkness. The scudding clouds part momentarily. "The moon!" one of the men says softly—with relief? apprehension? "Let's get a move on!" He seats himself at the wheel. The others climb in. The van, with its mysterious cargo, rolls away into the concealing night.

SWANS?

Burglars? Drug runners? CIA?

None of the above.

These men are bird watchers, starting out from Rochester, in upstate New York, the third Sunday in May, on an odyssey that will take them almost 300 miles by the end of the day. Their purpose is to take the spring census—known as the “Big Day”—and their goal is to beat the New York State record of 178 species identified in a single 24-hour period. In 1964 this group established a record with 174 species, but in 1972 a downstate group beat them with 178. Now they are out to win the record back.

This group has been going out together on the Big Day for some

20 years. They are Tom, a lawyer; Allan, a realtor; Steve, a business consultant; Gordon, a physician—and Joe, their star and leader. Joseph W. Taylor holds the world's record for most species seen on the North American continent. Since his retirement as treasurer of, appropriately, Bausch and Lomb, telescope manufacturers, Joe Taylor has devoted full time to bird-watching all over the globe.

Now the van, packed with telescopes, tripods, binoculars, tape recorders, extra clothing and enough rations for a small army, speeds through the night toward its first destination—the center of the city. The city? Yes, for the first bird on



the list is the nighthawk (actually not a hawk but a cousin to the whippoorwill) which swoops above rooftops at night in search of flying insects attracted by city lights.

The van pulls up in the deserted financial district, and the men pile out. They stand on the corner, listening intently, for the birds can only be heard, not seen, and since American Birding Association rules allow birders to count what they hear as well as what they see, listening is equally important.

Peent, peent, comes the plaintive unmistakable sound from on high. *Peent, peent*.

"On schedule," says Allan.

Gordon, the record keeper, marks it down on his pad: 3:40 a.m. downtown. Nighthawk.

Time is of the essence, for they are competing against who knows how many other groups, as well as their own past performance. Immediately, they return to the van and drive out of the city, 15 miles south to Bentley's Woods. There in the moonlight, they wait while Gordon emits the eerie low tremolo of the screech owl, and Steve produces the basso profundo hoots of the great horned owl. They are soon rewarded with answering calls from the real thing. Do the birds respond to the calls—whether from human imitators or other birds—out of friendliness? No, the territorial imperative is at work. The bird, hearing one of its own kind, answers in warning, "This is *my* turf. Stay

out of my territory!"

The total is eight species as they leave for Wehle's Marsh, 16 miles away. Now Tom's tape recorder comes into play; into the stillness of the beginning dawn rise the recorded songs of the sora and the Virginia rail—secretive birds rarely heard or seen because they usually stay far out in the reeds. But now, within minutes, both reply, the sora with its descending whinny, the Virginia rail with its disapproving *chuck-chuck-chuck*. Suddenly the sora rises from the swamp, flying and pecking at the tape recorder, seeming — understandably — discombobulated.

By the end of the first hour of daylight, the score is 40. By this time in previous years, the figure has been higher. But as they proceed to the wooded swamps along the Genesee River, the warming sun starts the birds moving and singing, and quickly they pick up more than 50 others, including 19 species of warbler, and pileated, red-bellied and red-headed woodpeckers. Wood peewees drawl *pee-a-wee* from the treetops, and brown thrashers, wood thrushes, veeries and two species of cuckoo join the chorus.

As the bird-watchers drive along a dirt road through a field, horned larks fly up from the roadside. What looks like a nondescript sparrow does not fly but runs in the road ahead of the van. Its behavior is sufficiently unusual to cause Tom to stop the van.



They set up the telescope.

"Can it be—?" Joe studies it intently. "By God, yes! A Lapland longspur!"

There's no mistake—it has the chestnut collar and white outer tail feathers. They have found what will be the best bird of the day, for the Lapland longspur comes from the northern tundra and is normally around the Arctic Circle by May.

Everyone indulges momentarily in self-congratulation—but briefly, for precious moments are passing.

It's on now to the Reed Road Sanctuary, noted for the winter wren, ruffed grouse and poison ivy. The ivy is ubiquitous, but the wren and grouse are elusive. Waders are donned for sloshing into swampy woods. Twenty minutes later—success. 107 is celebrated with Joe's bird soup—hot madrilene laced with sherry and pepper—taken on the run. (There will be no stopping for meals until nightfall. Who cares? All that matters is the birds.)

The evening grosbeak makes it 108. An upland sandpiper perching on a fence, eager to be counted, makes it 109.

Hogan Point, Lake Ontario, offers a spectacular, almost Floridian scene: a rare-in-these-parts snowy egret, seven cattle egrets, a great egret and three glossy ibises (the sacred bird of ancient Egypt). By 9:30, gadwall, wigeon, shoveler, black tern make it 121.

Hawk Lookout on the lake shore yields not hawks but ducks—loon, lesser scaup, black scoter.

It is almost noon.

"How many, Gordon?"

"147."

All share the same unspoken thought: *That's a pretty fair score for this time of day. Perhaps—?*

On they go . . . shore and woods, ponds and marshes . . . Wilson's phalaropes . . . baldpate, canvas back, ruddy ducks . . . But where are the swans, reported earlier in the week?

By now, leg muscles ache, eyelids droop and there is frequent recourse to coffee, sandwiches and something stronger hastily swallowed from a flask. But fatigue is forgotten as, at 3:50 p.m., Gordon spots 170.

170! Except for their record-setter in 1964, they had never in an entire day reached 170.

When they leave the lake area at 4:20 p.m. with 173, excitement reigns.

Almost five hours left. But by now, there are fewer possibilities.

Burroughs Audubon Woods, 50 miles away, yields only two. Seneca Lake, 40 miles east, yields two more—the common tern and seven horned grebes, the grebes' yellow-orange head tufts gleaming in the late-day sun.

177. One more for a tie.

At seven o'clock, they head for Montezuma National Wildlife Refuge near Cayuga Lake. In that wild and lovely place encompassing 7,000 acres of marsh and swamp, woods and fields, they see a horned owl hunting, great wings extended, causing consternation among the feeding shore birds.

At 7:30, the groups sends up a cheer as a pin-tailed duck is spotted. 178! They have tied the record! Now determination spurs them on, despite exhaustion. They cheer as Steve flushes a water pipit.

179! A record!

At 8:30, with half an hour of daylight left, they drive frantically along dirt roads, searching puddles for a solitary sandpiper, a fairly likely bird. No luck.

As dusk deepens, they finally halt for a picnic supper in the refuge. They are about to eat when Allan, who has wandered off on his own, comes running back to report triumphantly that he has just seen a flock of brant flying northward.

180!

Tom, meanwhile, has set up his scope, and is surveying some distant dead trees. Eagles nested there years ago and possibly—? Sud-

denly, he *does* see something—not eagles, but two double-crested cormorants perched on a distant bare limb, long necks stretched, silhouetted black against the fading roseate sky. A dramatic ending to a memorable day.

181. 9 p.m. Montezuma, Gordon writes.

Next morning Gordon calls in the score to John Brown, who publishes the area results in his newspaper column. Gordon tries but cannot quite conceal his jubilation. "We really hit it this year, John. 181!"

"That's excellent." There is a moment's pause. "Er—I guess you fellows didn't hear? The Perrigo group got 182."

So it goes. For birders, though, there's always next year. □



VAN CONVERSION OF THE MONTH

“THE GOLDEN EAGLE,” a customized Ford van owned by Dave Myklebust of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the April winner in FORD TIMES’ Van Conversion Photo Contest. If you have a converted Ford Econoline Van that you feel is worth showing off, send us a color photograph of your vehicle. FORD TIMES will pay \$50 if it is

selected for this feature. Photographs may show exteriors or interiors and will be judged on their suitability for FORD TIMES as well as the imagination, originality and ingenuity of the conversion. Please do not include people in the pictures. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed van wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. Entries will not be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by postage. Entries should be sent to Ford Van Conversions, Room 332, Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48120. ☐

Many of the items shown on winning vans are available through retail organizations and establishments not connected with Ford Motor Company. The availability, price, quality and durability of these items rest solely with their manufacturers and sales organizations.





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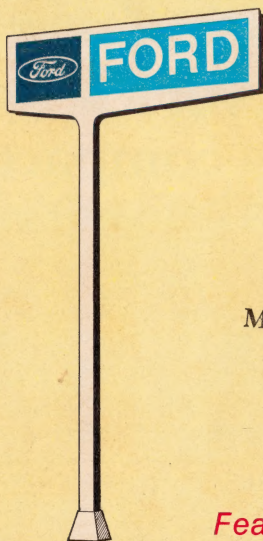
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